

THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"VISITING EVERY FLOWER WITH LABOUR MEET,
AND GATHERING ALL ITS TREASURES, SWEET BY SWEET."

VOL. II.....NEW SERIES.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1813.

[NO. 11.]

The Intelligent Traveller ;

OR,
HUMAN NATURE DISPLAYED.

(Continued.)

AN imploring look from the soft eyes of the alarmed Emily, as she hurried the secret transaction into her pocket, was completely understood by me; yet I was resolved to punish her for the plan of deceit. "Why, what has she done, Sir?" enquired her mother. "An act which I fear may be attended with mortification to herself, I assure you, Madam," I replied in a grave tone of voice. My toes suffered severely for this alarming answer; for I kept my eyes intently fixed upon the book; the question was again repeated, and even the reverend gentleman enquired what his daughter had done. "Done! why, a deed that she will have reason to repent of!" I replied in a still graver tone of voice; "she has, Sir, stolen the pencil, and prevented me from writing poetic lines in the title page." The relief which this description gave to Emily's feelings, may be imagined, though it cannot be described; and recovering herself, she observed, I must have lost one of my senses, at the same time showing me the pencil in its proper place.

"Well then, now Sir, write the lines; for I doat upon poetry," said Mrs. Pompose. In obedience to her commands, I took the pencil, and on the leaf of vellum wrote the following lines:

The man that would persuade the Fair
To practise guile or art;
Does it to lay for her a snare,
That will corrode her heart;

which were highly applauded by the old lady, who hoped her daughter would never forget my advice; and I had the satisfaction of thinking Emily felt the motive which gave rise to them, for she appeared remarkably grave during the rest of our ride.

The friend's house with whom I intended passing a few days, was so conveniently situated, that the stage passed the end of the avenue, and having previously given directions to the coachman, I was set down at the Porter's Lodge. This faithful servant, who had lived many years in the family, was accustomed to greet my arrival with a benevolent smile, but upon the driver's ringing at the gate, and desiring him to come and take the gentleman's luggage, I was struck by observing his honest countenance overwhelmed with gloom.

"Are you ill, Jeffrey?" I eagerly enquired, as I descended from the vehicle. "No, Sir, thank God;" the reply. "But hav'nt you never heard of the sad, sad accident which, last Tuesday, happened to my dear lady?" Answering in the negative, I eagerly demanded to what accident he alluded, and was informed that the amiable mistress of Beaumont Lodge was past all hope of recovery, in consequence of her clothes having caught fire. My heart actually sickened at this intelligence; and I hesitated

for some moments whether I should approach the melancholy dwelling, or again ascend the vehicle; but my resolution was decided by a remark of old Jeffrey, who said, "thank God, Sir, you be come'd to comfort my poor master, who, the servants tell me, is just like one out of his mind." I approached the abode of sadness and suffering, with those depressed sensations which sympathy naturally inspires; and instead of knocking, gave a quiet ring at the servants bell. James, another old servant, instantly answered it; a physician and surgeon's carriage were each waiting for their respective masters; I desired to be conducted into the apartment where these gentlemen consulted, and in about five minutes they made their appearance.

I eagerly demanded how they found their patient.—"Thank God, in less agony, for a mortification has taken place," was the reply I received from the surgeon, who addressing himself to the doctor, said, "There is nothing more to be done." A silent shake of the head was the only reply to this observation; at that instant a lovely boy, about three years of age, rushed into the room, and with childish indifference to the situation of his expiring mother, exclaimed, "See, Doctor Pemberton, what a beautiful kite my nurse has made."

"But, Charles, you must not open the doors with such violence," said the doctor. "Your poor dear mama is very, very ill, and the least noise will disturb and make her materially worse." In an instant the little fellow seated himself upon the carpet, and snatched off his shoes; then gazing upon the doctor with an anxious countenance, demanded whether he could not make mama well? I will give you this pretty kite for Richard, if you will but make dear mama well." The artless innocence of the boy drew tears from all present; after a pause of a few moments, Dr. P—— took him in his arms, and after embracing him, said, "God Almighty is going to make your mama an angel; and if you are a good boy, and do as nurse directs you, God will likewise make you one; and then you will go to your truly valued mother, but if you are naughty, you will never see her again."

"Oh I will be good!" exclaimed the dear little fellow; "but why can't mama take me with her? she took me to the fair, and she took me to farmer Johnson's sheep shearing, and why can't she take me with her now, Sir?" At this moment the door slowly opened, and the disconsolate Henry Hartley entered the room. "My friend," exclaimed he, throwing himself upon my bosom, "now indeed do I feel the want of a friend's support!" Big drops of sorrow rapidly chased each other down his manly cheeks, and so violent were his emotions, that it was with difficulty he breathed. Dr. Pemberton approached him, and with a tenderness that proved the sympathy of his disposition, warmly pressed his hand, saying in a voice stifled by emotion, "Recollect, my dear Sir, you will soon have a double duty to fulfil; that child (pointing to Charles), and the dear inno-

cents in the nursery, have claims upon you, which you must fulfil; but if you yield to this violence of emotion, I cannot be answerable for the consequences."

"I have never deceived—I told you the case was hopeless from the moment I was called in; and you ought to be grateful to Providence that Mrs. Hartley's sufferings are abated; rouse yourself then, my dear Sir. You must feel as a husband, but I implore you to act as a man."

A deep groan from the agonized breast of the afflicted Hartley, was the only reply given to this friendly appeal to his fortitude, and, raising himself from my bosom, he caught up his little boy, and without uttering a sentence, rushed out of the library. "Follow your friend, Sir, I conjure you!" said the humane physician, "for his feelings are too exquisite for the trial he is destined to sustain; and, if possible, arm him with resolution; for in cases of this nature the soothing balm of friendship is more efficacious than medicine."

I instantly obeyed Dr. Pemberton's orders, and found poor Hartley in the nursery, weeping over the little innocents; the elder of whom added to his affliction, by enquiring why he cried. I requested the nurse to take poor Charles from the knee of his father, and placing my hand gently under his arm, drew him from the apartment, and led him into the shrubbery, where, finding we were unobserved, I embraced him with tenderness, and besought him to seek consolation from the only source from which it could be derived—"That Being," said I, "my dear Hartley, who has thought proper to afflict you, is alone able to bind up your wounds; or to give you strength to bear the greatest of human calamities, with that fortitude and resignation which becomes a Christian."

"Had I been deprived of my choicest earthly treasure by a dispensation of the Almighty, I should have endeavoured to support the afflicting stroke as became a man! but when I reflect that I shall lose her through my own want of attention to her wishes, the reproaches of conscience become insupportable! and, was I not restrained by religious sentiments, I would not support the burden of life!"

"How, my dear Hartley, can you condemn yourself for the effect of accident?" I eagerly demanded. "On that fatal night," he replied, "my adored Eliza requested me to take off some large cakes of coal in the drawing-room; observing, the fire was too large, (for we always supped in my study when we were alone). Wretch, that I was—instead of complying with her wishes, I jocosely said the fire would spoil, my complexion—yet, in a graver tone, added, but I charge you not to touch it; I will send James to you; and then descended the stairs, for the purpose of seeing whether supper was prepared. I unfortunately met him in the hall, he presented a slip of paper, with an account of a few articles which he had paid for; the drawing-room fire escaped my memory, and some minutes elapsed in settling this fatal account. A shriek, as we closed it, appalled my

feelings! it was the voice of my beloved Eliza; and, darting forward with the rapidity of lightning, great God! what a sight presented itself to my view! for, enveloped in a flame of fire, I met the wife of my bosom, standing upon the stairs! Frantic with terror, yet not deprived of reason, I tore off my coat, and threw it over her head; whilst James, who had followed me, rushed into the drawing-room, and returned in an instant with the hearth-rug, and, by our united exertions, the destroying element was stifled."

As poor Hartley gave me this description of the dreadful accident, his voice was interrupted by sighs and sobs, and though I said every thing that reason could suggest, to banish self-condemnation from his bosom, my arguments proved unavailing. After taking a few turns, he drew his watch from his pocket, then gazing upon me with a look of reproach, he said, "I have been absent from my beloved half an hour—Oh God!" continued he, striking his bosom, "What a wretch must I be, to quit her for one moment!" Then darting into a path which conducted him to the back door, he was out of sight in a few seconds.

I will not attempt to describe the scenes which followed, for the very recollection of them agitates my feelings; but I will relate the fatal cause of the amiable Eliza's dissolution, as a caution to my female readers. Eliza, it seems, had waited some few minutes, in expectation of her husband's sending the servant to take off the fire, and not finding him come, had undertaken the office, without observing the heat of a poker, which she had just erected. The thin muslin drapery was wafted towards it by the air, which rushed in from the door Hartley had left open; the terrified Eliza perceived the flame, and vainly imagined she could extinguish it without alarming her husband; and, from this delicacy to his feelings, she evidently lost her life.

(To be continued.)

FROM THE OLD WOMAN.

(Continued from our last.)

IN our last number we furnished our fair readers with a few select matrimonial histories, in which the ladies were evidently chargeable with the infelicity they suffered. The motives which directed their conduct could not fail to be productive of misery; and if they found the nuptial couch a bed of thorns, their own imprudence made it so.

On this occasion we shall produce some instances of similar folly on the part of the other sex in their choice of a wife, and of consequent misery and disappointment.

Hilarus was left in possession of an ample fortune at an early age; and he hastened to spend rather than to enjoy it. He engaged in all the dissipations of fashionable life, kept horses, carriages, servants, and mistresses; played deep, and became the dupe of sharpers, who preyed on his good nature and easy unsuspecting disposition. When the ravages made on his constitution gave him occasional moments of reflection, he determined to abandon his pernicious courses, and to reform while he had any property left; but no sooner did he regain his usual share of health than he was hurried into the same excesses as before, and, amidst the gaiety of his companions, for-

got the resolutions he had formed in solitude and in sickness. He was naturally cheerful, saw only the bright side of things; or, if unfavorable events gave him a gloomy impression, it was speedily effaced by new scenes and new amusements, which followed each other in endless succession. But though fashionably vicious, his heart was not wholly depraved; and about the age of twenty-five he fell desperately in love with a young lady of great beauty and merit, but who was too poor to become his wife, and too virtuous to be attempted for a mistress. His attentions made an impression on her tender and susceptible heart; but prudent caution checked her tongue, and neither a word nor an action could be interpreted as giving him reason to presume on his influence over her. By this time his affairs became deeply involved, and those who had shared in his plunder were the first to blame his imprudence, and to point out the ruin he would entail on himself, if he married a woman without fortune, however deeply he might be enamoured of her charms, or however distinguished her worth. He listened to their suggestions, and though it cost him many a struggle, he resolved to leave his *Hortensia*, and to look out a dowered bride, who would enable him to keep up appearances, and to live in the style to which he had been accustomed.

It was not long before chance threw in his way what he wanted rather than wished for. At a public place he met an old widow, whose older husband had been induced, by her artifices, to leave her the sole command of a large estate, hoping that she would never marry again, and that she would be inclined, out of gratitude, as well as a love of justice, to allow it to revert to his heirs, when she could no longer want it. His motives were generous, but he calculated wrong. The widow, though past her grand climacteric, enjoyed a fresh old age, and possessed of an ample independent fortune, she made no doubt of obtaining a husband young enough to be her son. She was gay, lively, and not displeasing in her person, which she set off to the best advantage; and as *Hilarus*, after quitting his *Hortensia*, felt it a matter of indifference with whom he matched himself, provided he obtained a fortune, he had little difficulty in procuring the dowager's consent to become his wife, who was charmed with the attractions of a gay young fellow, and settled her whole estate on him and his heirs—little imagining that she should outlive him, or want any part of it herself. To make short, they married; and *Hilarus* never saw another happy day. His wife was not only ridiculously fond, but excessively jealous of him; he could not be happy in her company, and if he left her, he was received on his return with tears and reproaches. Life now became a burden to him; but, before he could spend the whole of the fortune she had brought him, or had made any disposition of it in future, he was thrown from his horse in hunting, and killed on the spot, leaving her with a diminished income to lament the folly of such an unequal match.

(To be continued.)

ON A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY, VEILED.

So when the sun, with its meridian light,
Too fiercely darts upon our feeble sight,
We thank th' officious cloud, by whose kind aid
We view its glory, lessen'd in a shade.

COUNTRY.

"Welcome, ye shades! ye bowery thickets, hail!"

NOW, from the humblest dale to the proudest mountain, nature is every where majestic and lovely. This universe, where, not long ago, jarring elements reigned in frozen tyranny, is suddenly changed to a beautiful temple, where, in every form and in every hue, life, pleasure, and love, vegetate, breathe and bloom. Heaven itself, as if enamoured of this reviving earth, has cast off his mourning garments, and, through an unclouded sky, shines on her with renovated lustre.

Oh, blooming nature! with what religious reverence dost thou inspire the feeling beholder of thy glory! On thy enamelled theatre, our sensibility, unconfined, wildly ranges through the luxuriant beauties of this new creation, and on the enthusiastic raptures of admiration, gratitude, and love, spontaneously rise to the first, great, and uncreated source, of thy dearest blessings, of thy boundless gifts!

Oh, sweet country; how delightful are now thy fields, covered with flowers and herbs; thy mountains crowned with thick foliage, and thy vales hung in rich verdure! Now, unloostened by the soft breath of zephyr, thy gentle rivulets resume their wanton meanders, and again unfurl and sport their silvery waves to the light of milder days; on their borders of dew, the modest violet, the fair lilly, the fragrant shrub, spontaneously grow; and even the king of the forest, the noble and generous oak, will often protect their little mossy banks with his potent roots, and gracefully bend his grand and lofty shade to the gentle flowing waters of their limpid streams.

Oh, sweet country! it is from the bosom of thy deep retired bowers, that Innocence ejaculated her first prayer, and pure love breathed its first sigh! and it is, by an original instinct, that wisdom still likes to muse in thy flowery paths, and grandeur, to seek repose beneath thy cooling shades. Oh, beloved country! thy earth is clothed with a rich vegetation of emerald and gold; thou art fanned with breezes of perfumes, watered with rivers of melted crystal, and encompassed with an horizon of azure. Oh, how soon, in the midst of thee, will our passions be lulled to rest, and harmonized to that solemn stillness which pervades thy rural scenes, and, as it were, wraps up infant nature in a veil of gentle peace! In the midst of thee, every object brings our existence back to the first period of time, when man, in the full strength of his health and youth, started up in life, crowned with innocence and glory, reigned absolute on a world happy and submissive! In the midst of the country every thing pleases the eye and speaks to the soul; we both see and feel nature; and thus, by the beauties of the sight, we improve and refine the feelings of the heart.

There is so intimate an association between outward impressions and our inward feelings, that the powerful and sweet influence of the country, to soften and humanize our souls, cannot be doubted. Oh man! when thou art placed on that sublime stage, in every scene of which, through the exultation of universal joy and happiness, great and bounteous nature pompously displays the enamelled verdure of the spring, united to the heaped riches of the summer; are not all the sweetest affections of thy being, modelled into one continual act of grateful adoration to thy Creator, and of

kind benevolence to thy fellow-creatures? When thou art surrounded with that universal blaze of love and beauty, canst thou still be benumbed with selfishness, or frozen with avarice? When the flowers refresh thy senses with their sweet perfumes, and the gushing fountain liberally quenches thy thirst with its cooling waters; when thy generous trees extend their protecting shades over thy head, and feed thee abundantly with their luscious fruits; oh, tell me! canst thou refuse to stretch forth thy hand to the forsaken and forlorn? Canst thou refuse a boon to the needy poor, or a comfort to the suffering sick? When sweet heaven, unasked, unimplored, (alas! perhaps never thanked!) fans thee with his purest breeze, and sheds over thy dwelling and thy fields his genial showers and fostering dews; oh tell me! cannot even a ray of sympathizing pity kindle a sigh in thy heart, or start a tear in thy eye? Then, ungrateful and sordid wretch, away with thee "from the bounteous walks of flowing spring," to those barren climes, to those burning sands, where blasted plains groan beneath an unrelenting sky! Away! thy very looks would check the smiles of nature, and wither its bloom. Yes, it is a kind of impiety to tread with a cruel and unfeeling heart on that sweet earth, "all beauty to the eye, all music to the ear," whose parental bosom generously heaves with a luxuriant plenty, and equally nourishes the monarch who waves a golden sceptre over millions of her children, and the poor little worm that lonely creeps in her dust.

THE CORK LAD OF KENTMERE.

THERE lived at Troutbeck a man of amazing strength, whose name was Gilpin, commonly called the Cork Lad of Kentmere: I cannot tell much more about him than what I picked out of the church register, and some memoirs of William Birket, of Troutbeck. He lived in the time of Edward the VI. His mother was a poor woman (some say a nun) and begged from house to house to support herself and son, and drew to a house upon an estate called Troutbeck Park, which had been forfeited to the crown, and of so little value that no notice was taken of it for some time. At last, being granted, the grantee went to take possession, but was prevented by this Cork lad, who was then just come to man's estate, quite uncivilized, and knew no law but strength: he was thereupon sent for to London, and by fair speeches and wiles got thither. During his stay, the king held a day, as he did many, for gymnastic amusements; this Cork lad observed the several combatants, but particularly the wrestlers; at last he mounted the stage (in his undyed dress which his mother had spun him) and threw the champion with ease, and did other feats, so that the king sent for him, and asked his name, where he came from, &c. He told the king, that himself could neither read nor write, therefore he could not well tell his own name, but folk commonly, says he, call me *the Cork lad of Kentmere* (on account of his corpulency). The king asked him what he lived upon? he said, *thick pottage and milk that a mouse might walk upon dry shod to his breakfast; and the sunny side of a wedding to his dinner, when he could get it.*

He requested only the cottage he lived in, the paddock behind it for peat, with liberty to cut wood in the park; and died at the age of forty-two, unmarried, from the violent exertion of pulling up trees by the root.

ANSWER TO THE ENIGMA IN OUR LAST.

Your Hibernian muse I confess
Would have puzzl'd my head for a day,
Had not my kind pencil's address,
Sustained the sun's sultry ray.

His years then in numbers I find,
Composed of two digits, no more,
Which digits when rightly combin'd
Will make them in fact twenty-four.

Eight months to his years you must add,
(Though he says he's not plagu'd with a wife,
I confess that his lot must be sad,)
Sixteen days make the rest of his life.

Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1813.

WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

WE have very important accounts this week from Europe, brought by arrivals at the Eastward and at this port. French papers to the 24th and London ones to the 29th of May have been received. By these, accounts are received of a great battle having been fought on the 2d of May between the allied forces of Russia under the command of the Emperor and the king of Prussia, and the confederated army under the command of Napoleon Bonaparte, on the plains of Lutzen, near Leipzig. By accounts not less than 40 or 50,000 men have been killed and wounded in this battle. They fought from noon until 10 at night; both sides claim the honor of maintaining the battle ground; whereon more than 400,000 men had been contending for near 10 hours in the great work of destruction. However, it appears, the Russians has retired across the Elbe to meet their reinforcements; the French advancing towards Dresden. Another battle no doubt before this time has taken place. The whole Prussian population has been called out; and it is said the Russians advise them, rather than give up their country to the French, to destroy Berlin and Potsdam; lay waste their country, and "to interpose deserts and desolation between them and their enemies." What an awful picture is there before Europe! When will the destroying angel cease from destroying!

A report had reached England that the French had possessed themselves of Hamburg; and it is said the Russians have taken the strong fortress of Spandau in Prussia.

The privateers Paul Jones, and Matilda, and several merchant vessels have been taken and carried into England: also the American ship Derby, from Canton.

The Indiaman James, of Philadelphia, from Batavia bound home, is taken by the British in the harbour of the Isle of France, where she stop'd in distress.

There has been a dreadful gale in the Eastern ocean which has done great damage to the shipping in these parts: and by accounts in our own country from the Mississippi, of June 10, we hear that such a flood was never known in that country. It is said that between Francisville and New-Orleans all the negroes are withdrawn from the fields to watch the levees, or banks, in order to save the country from universal destruction; and that serious apprehensions are entertained for the safety of New-Orleans. The loss of property it is said may be estimated at twenty millions of dollars.

The Young Teazer privateer of this port, capt. Dobson, is said to have blown up, and all hands perished, in a bay to the westward of Halifax, while chased by the boats of the La Hogue, 74. No body can tell how it happened.

In consequence of the blowing up the Eagle, capt. Capel, of the La Hogue, it seems, has threatened to destroy every vessel he meets with; and several coasters we notice have met that fate.

Saturday last the enemy's barges from the blockading squadron at New-London, burnt 2 vessels at Sag-Harbour. The militia prevented them from doing more damage.

The privateer Anaconda of this port has arrived at Ocrocock, (N. C.) after a very successful cruise, in

which she took a king's packet, from Rio Janeiro to England, with 75,000 dollars in specie on board, which was taken out, and the vessel ransomed for 8000 dollars. She afterwards took a brig from Gibraltar bound to the Brazils, with a cargo worth 85,000 dollars; and another brig from Buenos Ayres to London, with hides and tallow, said to be worth 100,000 dollars.

The privateer Jack's Favorite, arrived at this port last week, from a cruise of near 5 months. It is said she has taken 2 prizes valued at 200,000 dollars, and recaptured an American vessel with dry goods.

The President, commodore Rogers, was spoke the 11th of June, a little to the north of the Western Islands. She had taken a packet from Falmouth to the West-Indies, and a brig from Newfoundland.

It is said the blockading squadron of New-London has been considerably augmented.

Very little about the other squadrons on our coast have been noticed the week past. Their landings in the Chesapeake have been only temporary, and supposed only for the purpose of obtaining fresh water and refreshments. The excoresses said to be committed on the women of Hampton, is contradicted by captain Lee, of Fredricksburgh, (Virg.) who was in Hampton after the enemy left it.

We have had various accounts some time past about the operations of the war on the lakes and their neighbourhood; but these are so often contradicted, that we have to lament the perversion of truth. Certain stories may amuse or gratify, but never can alter the nature of things.

A letter from an Indian Agent of the U. S. on the Illinois, dated the 30th ult. to gov. Edwards, speaking of the Indian war, says, "the plan you have adopted of sending out Dogs with your Rangers will have an amazing effect: they will be greatly alarmed at this mode of warfare."

Accounts from Mexico, announce the Revolutionists to have been every where successful.

General Armstrong it is said, will very shortly visit the frontiers of Canada.

WE are happy to notice that a School is about opening in this city under the direction of Messrs. Peter Smith and S. P. Taylor, for the purpose of instructing ladies and gentlemen in SACRED MUSIC—to assist the service of the Church in singing the Praises of the most High. The terms made known by applying to Mr. Taylor, Brooklyn, or to Mr. Smith, No. 55, Chapel, corner of Reed-street.

Funeral.

MARRIED,

By the rev. Dr. Moore, Mr. John Baxter, jun. to Miss Eliza Ann Thomas.

By the rev. Dr. Milledolar, Mr. William Easton, jun. to Miss Sarah Ann Geoffroy, both of this city.

Mr. Barnabas Cole, of this city merchant, to Miss Elizabeth Richards of Newark.

By the rev. Mr. Williston, capt. William Teague, of this place, to Miss Mary Harris, of Newburg.

Obituary.

DIED,

Mrs. Abigail Thurston, wife of Mr. William Thurston, aged 66 years.

Mrs. Elizabeth Ketchum, wife of Amos Ketchum, aged 27 years.

Mrs. Hester Frost, wife of Mr. Samuel Frost, in the 32d year of her age.

Mr. Jeremiah Oliver, aged 47 years.

Mr. James Ward, Merchant.

Mrs. Susan Hubbell, wife of Mr. Levi Hubbell, aged 28 years.

In Europe, the famous Russian General Kutousoff. — Killed in the battle of Lutzen, the French Marshall Bassieres, commander of Napoleon's Guards.—Also, in the same battle, the hereditary prince of Mecklenburg Strelitz.

The city inspector reports the death of 72 persons from the 26th of June, to the 15th of July, being two weeks.

Seat of the Muses.

THE BENIGHTED WANDERER.

LOUD and long blew the wind o'er the wide spreading
heath,
When a night-wilder'd maid sought her late peace-
ful home;
Each shriek of the blast seem'd the summons of death,
Her heart wildly throbb'd, and she scarce drew her
breath,
Yet she found not her path, but was still doom'd to
roam.

Alas! Maid of Beauty! thy search will be vain;
No star-beam appears to illumine thy way;
Darkness sits on the steep, her black robe spreads the
plain,
And the spirit of Fear fills thy bosom with pain,
For thou never again wilt behold the bright day.
Soon she came where the river roll'd turbid and deep,
Unconscious of danger, unknowing her doom;
She fell from the bank, it was rugged and steep,
She sunk in the stream 'neath the whirlpool's wild
sweep,
And the beautiful maid found a watery tomb.

THE ORPHAN'S COMPLAINT.

TELL me not of Nature's treasures,
Verdant fields, and azure skies;
Lost to me are all those pleasures,
Which her happy children prize.

Yon fragrant bud, the garden's pride,
Expands to hail the genial day:
Torn from its parent's fostering side,
It withers, droops, and dies away.

Friendship may, with charms inviting,
Lull my cares awile to rest;
And in Sympathy delighting,
Fill with bliss my youthful breast.

Love may spread his tempting snares,
And my simple heart beguile;
But all these pleasures change to cares,
Unsanction'd by a parent's smile.

TO FRIENDSHIP.

HAIL, Friendship, offspring of celestial power,
Whose social influence chains the human soul,
Beguiles in mirth the leaden-footed hour,
And bids the tide of conversation roll.

And when by poverty's penurious hand,
Oppress'd with care, is struck th' ill-fated wretch,
Thou, touched with pity, smile'st with features bland,
And to th' afflicted deign'st thy hand to stretch.

But ah! too oft in flattery's specious guise,
Deceitful man, with thine ethereal glow,
Bids the soft tear steal from his pit'less eyes,
With breast absorbed in sympathetic woe.

And while he seems t'administer relief,
With all the seeming frankness of a friend,
The bending suppliant into deeper grief
He headlong hurls, to seek a desperate end.

SONNET ON NIGHT.

FROM Eastern climes, with all her peaceful train,
Pale night unfolds, in sober aspect drest:
O'er distant Isles she spreads her soft domain,
Whose awful shades bid all retire to rest.

No more the shepherd tunes his dulcet reed,
No longer lingers near the lov'd retreat;
He drives his sheep across the distant mead,
Then homeward hies, pure happiness to greet.

And now the moon amid the starry race,
From skies down shoots her silv'ry beam;
Shining serene o'er nature's dark'ning face,
Whilst undisturb'd slow glides the winding stream

O gentle night, may thy sweet tranquil reign
Soothe every sorrow of this aching breast;
Restore exhausted nature's power again,
And give to innocence its balmy rest.

Morality.

ON THE FOLLY OF BEING ASHAMED OF 'RETRACTING OUR MISTAKES.

Seize upon truth where'er tis found,
Among your friends, among your foes,
On christian or on heathen ground;
The flower's divine, where'er it grows,
Neglect the prickles and assume the rose.

WATTS.

TO persist in defending a sentiment which we are convinced is erroneous, merely because we have once been so unfortunate as to receive it for a truth, argues a great degree of self-conceit and weakness of mind, and cannot fail of being attended with very pernicious consequences; by such a conduct we wilfully shut out the light of truth from our minds, and yield ourselves the voluntary slaves of ignorance and error.

There cannot be a more effectual bar to any one's improvement, than an obstinate resolution of adhering to every opinion which they have once adopted: on such persons the most convincing arguments lose their force—to what pitiful resources do we often find them driven in order to support the silly vaunt of *never having changed their opinions*. The imaginary disgrace of retracting a mistaken sentiment operates more powerfully upon their minds, than the love of truth; every attempt to emancipate them from the shackles of prejudice and error is looked upon as an insult to their understanding, and the person who has ventured on so kind an undertaking will probably be considered as their greatest enemy.

Amongst the various errors incident to human nature, that of thinking ourselves *infallible* appears to be one of the most pernicious; and the reason is obvious, because of its manifest tendency to shield and protect us from all others. Wherever this odious principle gains the ascendant, it raises a mist about the mind, through which the brightest rays of truth can never penetrate. It is to this suppositious infallibility that some of the most unamiable dispositions of our nature owe their existence; to this unhappy source may be traced that haughty domineering arrogance, and that supercilious contempt for the opinions of others, which throw an odium on the characters of those who cherish dispositions so inimical to the happiness of society; to the same cause may be ascribed that spirit of intolerance and persecution which has been the fruitful parent of crimes and miseries too horrible to relate.

When we reflect on the uncertainty and imperfection to which we are subjected by the inevitable law of our nature—the long and laborious efforts which are in many cases necessary for the discovery of important truths, together with the incessant fluctuations which are taking place in the opinions of mankind upon almost every subject, can we vainly flatter ourselves that we alone are exempted from the general lot of humanity? that we alone have enjoyed the peculiar felicity of forming correct sentiments upon every subject which has fallen within the sphere of our observation? The supposition must surely confound us with its absurdity. Such considerations should teach us to repress a spirit of harshness and acrimony towards the sentiments of others, and dispose us to listen with moderation and candour to whatever arguments can be urged in behalf of systems or opinions the very reverse of those which we have adopted.

Scanty and imperfect will be our information on many interesting points, even after the utmost diligence of which we are capable. Our limited capacities admit not those superior degrees of knowledge which are requisite for the entire exclusion of error; we can form but a very superficial acquaintance even with many of those subjects which have occupied our chief attention; after our most laborious researches, many doubts will still remain to perplex our minds, and the mists of obscurity will still dim the intellectual sight; dark and imperfect conjecture must often supply the place of more satisfactory information. Amidst so much imperfection and uncertainty, it must surely become us to be more sparing of our censures on those who differ from us even in points which we may deem of the greatest importance; it must behoove us to be candid and diffident in maintaining our own opinions, and ready at all times to relinquish them in obedience to the voice of truth and integrity.

Truth is a jewel of inestimable value, not to be attained by the lazy efforts of indolence, or by the self-conceited bigot, who, presuming on the superiority of his discernment, condemns as impious, or pronounces

as ridiculous, every sentiment which does not exactly coincide with his own; by persons of this disposition the voice of truth is seldom heard: she delights to be from such characters, and reveals herself to the candid modest enquirer, who seeks her with diligence and impartiality!

The harshness and asperity with which controversies are too frequently conducted, plainly prove that the love of truth is not always the predominant motive; each resolved at all events to maintain his own opinion, determined not to recede a tittle from what he has advanced, it is no wonder that reviling and opprobrious language is often substituted in the room of solid argument. This is particularly noticed among dogmatical politicians, whose wishes, prejudice and interest, must be gratified at any rate. To what a variety of expedients will such persons have recourse, in order to secure the lustre of truth, and weaken the force of the most conclusive arguments; unable to confute their opponents by the fair methods of reasoning, their only refuge is in the arts of sophistry and evasion; or when these fail them, in furious language, and the most shameful scurrility.

In all our researches after truth, if we would hope for any degree of success, we must lay aside those two great perverters of the human understanding, *interest* and *prejudice*; while we are under the influence of either of these principles, the judgment will be biased, and every object viewed through such an unhappy medium will appear distorted; thus the human mind is deprived of its native energy and voluntarily fettered in chains of its own forging; its noblest powers are weakened and debased, and the obscurity which is unavoidably attached to the present scene of things is rendered still more impenetrable by our own folly and perverseness.

Anecdotes.

A gentleman amusing himself in the gallery of the Pallais, a place in Paris, somewhat like what our exchanges formerly were, observed, while he was carelessly looking over some pamphlets at a bookseller's, that a suspicious fellow stood rather too near him. The gentleman was dressed according to the fashion of those times, in a coat with a prodigious number of silver tags and tassels; upon which the thief (for such he was) began to have a design; and the gentleman not willing to disappoint him turned his head another way; on purpose to give him an opportunity; the thief immediately set to work, and in a trice twisted off seven or eight of the silver tags; the gentleman immediately perceived it; and slyly drawing out his pen-knife which cut like a razor, caught the fellow by the ear, and cut it off close to his head. Murder! Murder! cries the thief: Robbery! Robbery! cries the gentleman. *There are your tags and buttons!* Very well says the gentleman, throwing it back in like manner, *there is your ear!*

TWO sailors were one day disputing respecting the wisdom of king Solomon, and after having made some very original and singular remarks on this mighty monarch, one of them closed his argument as follows: 'Why, Jack, you may talk till the tongue drops out of your wooden head; but I'll tell you what perhaps neither you nor king Solomon ever knew; that is, the times are so altered, that if he was now alive he would not know a jib-boom from a poop-lantern!'

THE MUSEUM,

Is published every Saturday, at two dollars per annum, or for fifty-two numbers, by JAMES ORAM, No. 70 John-street, corner of Gold-st. New-York. City subscribers to pay *one half*, and country subscribers the *whole*, in advance; and it is a positive condition that all letters and communications come free of postage.